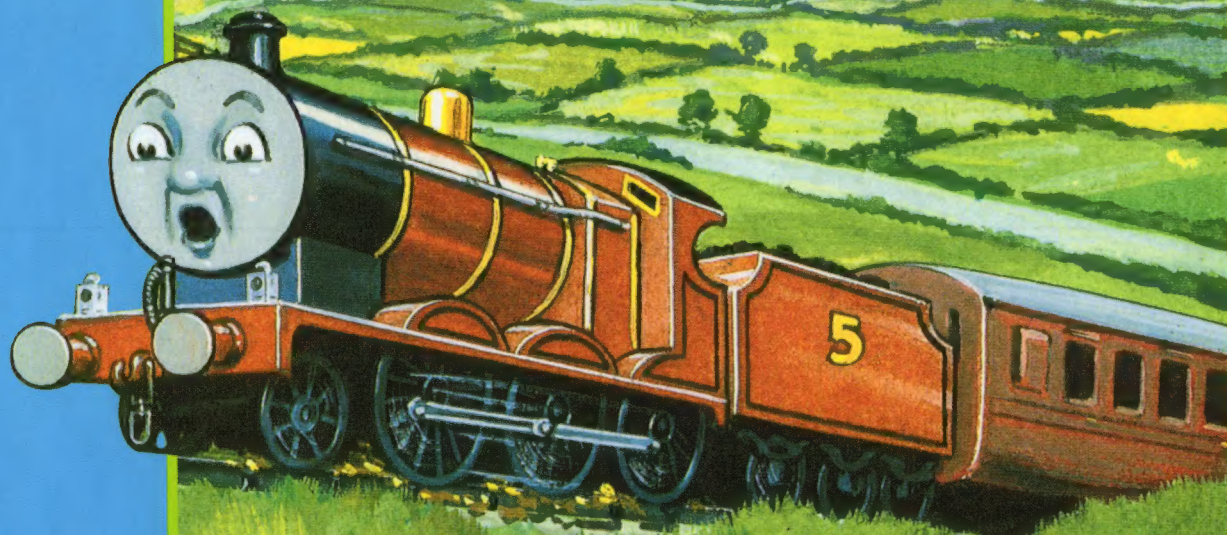


Leaves

**THOMAS
& FRIENDS**

CLUB



The Rev. W. Awdry

 **SCHOLASTIC**

2

books in 1



REALLY USEFUL WORDS

EXPRESS: a train that goes fast because it doesn't stop at every station

DISTANT SIGNAL: a yellow sign that warns of an upcoming signal

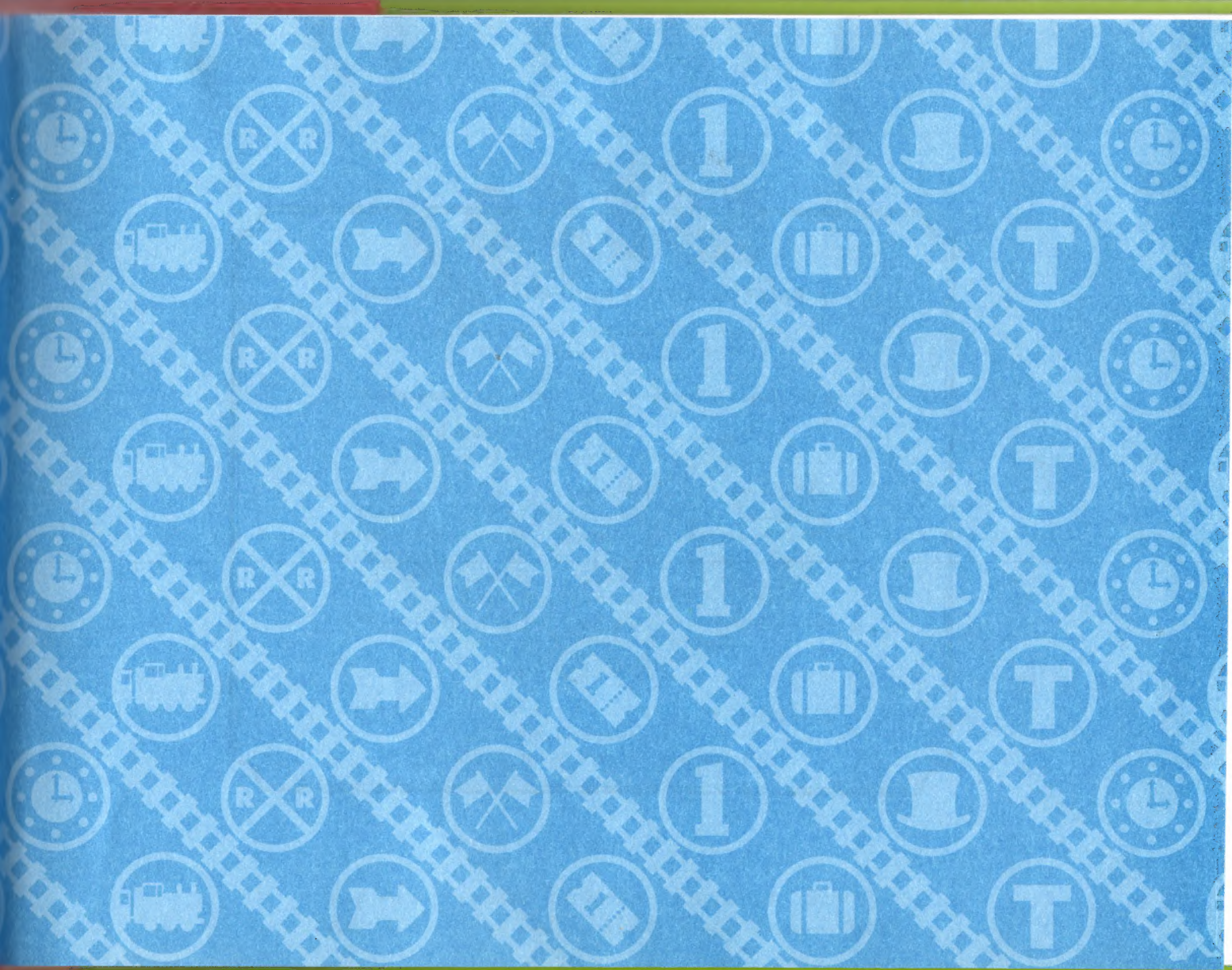
CHECK: to stop or slow down a train

HOME SIGNAL: a red sign that says when it's okay for a train to move

FIREMAN: the person who stokes the fire to keep an engine's steam going

GUARD: the person who takes passenger tickets and lets the driver know it is safe to leave the platform

BANKER: an engine that pushes another train to help it get up a hill



Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends

Britt
A **BRIT ALLCROFT COMPANY PRODUCTION**

Based on The Railway Series by The Rev W Awdry
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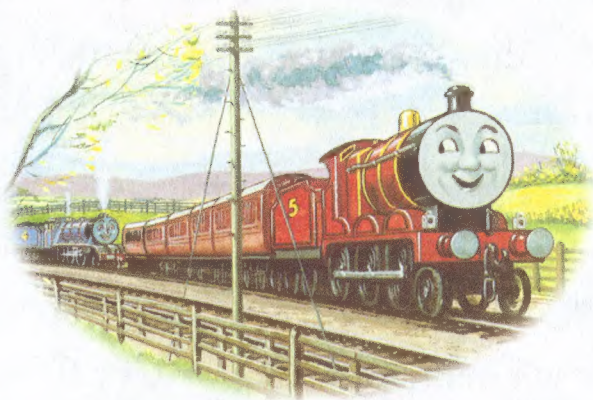
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Leaves



by
The REV. W. AWDRY

SCHOLASTIC INC.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

Two men were cleaning Gordon.

“Mind my eye,” Gordon grumbled.

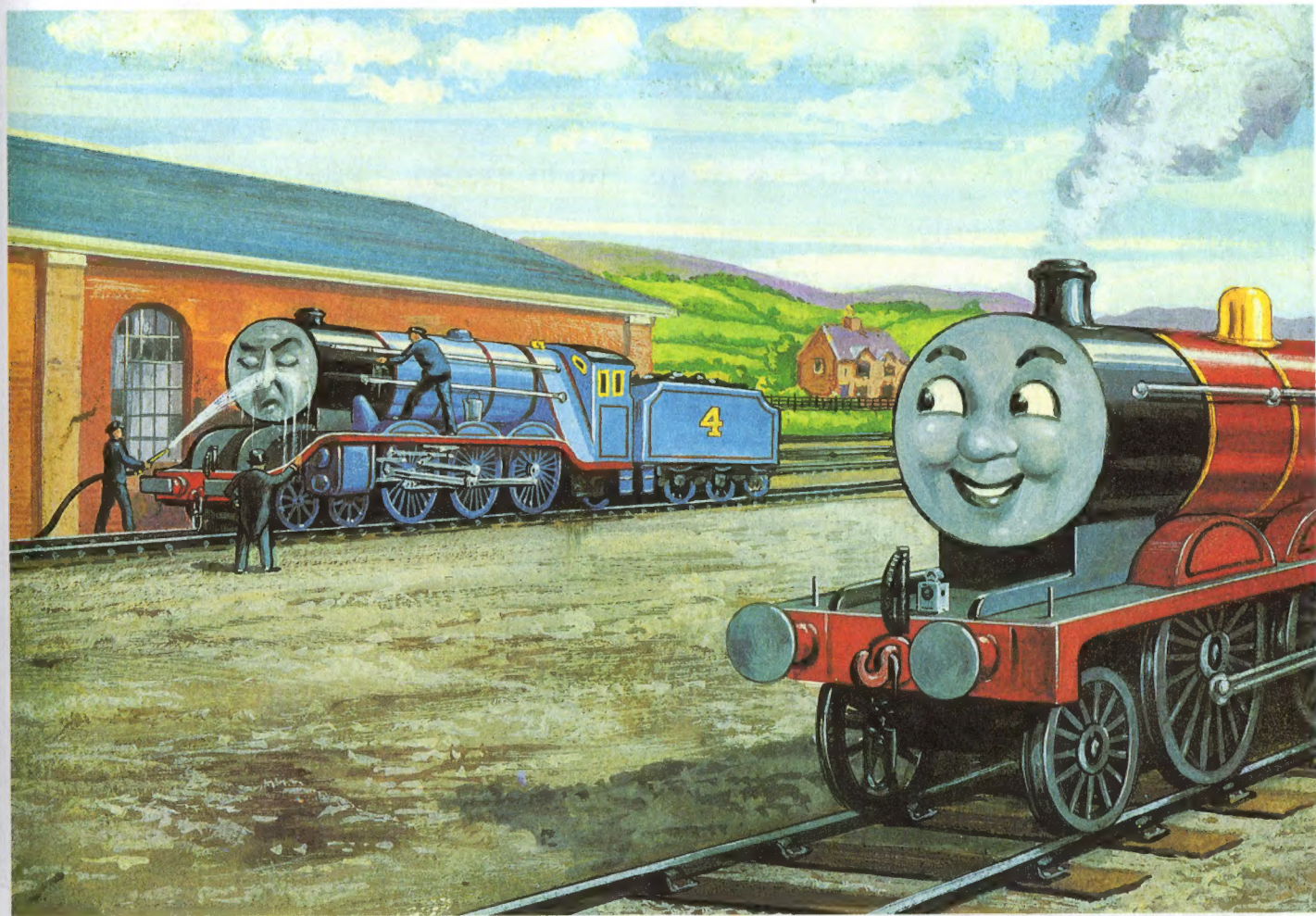
“Shut it, silly! Did ever you see such mud, Bert?”

“No I never, Alf! You ought to be ashamed, Gordon, giving us extra work.”

The hosing and scrubbing stopped. Gordon opened one eye, but shut it quickly.

“Wake up, Gordon,” said Sir Topham Hatt sternly, “and listen to me. You will pull no more coaches till you are a Really Useful Engine.”

So Gordon had to spend his time pulling freight cars.



“Goods trains, Goods trains,” he muttered. He felt his position deeply.

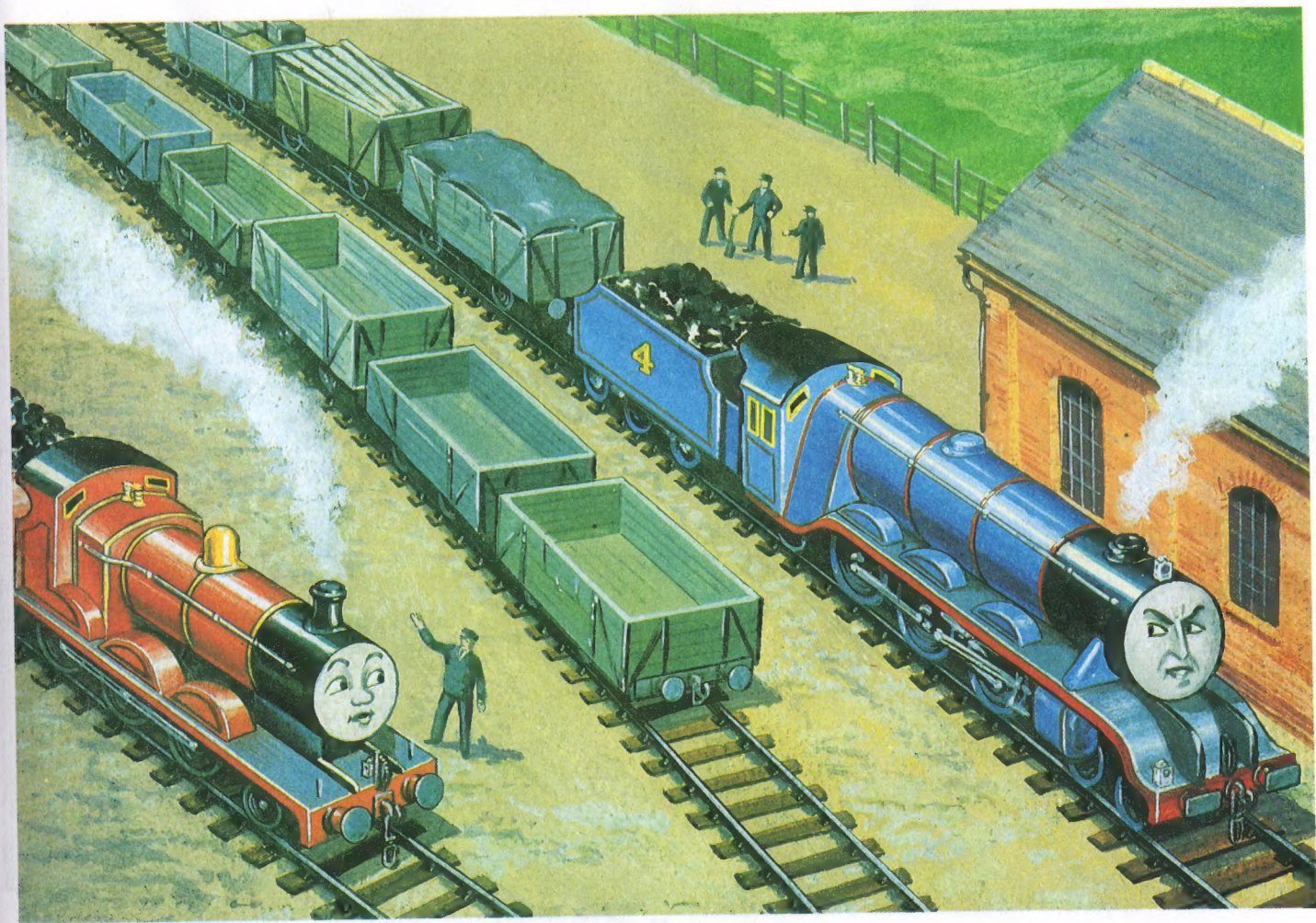
“That’s for you!—and *you—and* you!” Gordon said crossly.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!” screamed the freight cars as he shunted them around the yard.

“Freight cars will be freight cars,” said James, watching him.

“They won’t with *me!*” snorted Gordon. “I’ll teach them. Go on!” and another freight car scurried away.

“They tried to push me down the hill this morning,” Gordon explained. “It’s slippery there. You’ll probably need some help.”



"I don't need help on hills," said James huffily.

Gordon laughed and got ready for his next train.

James went away to take the express.

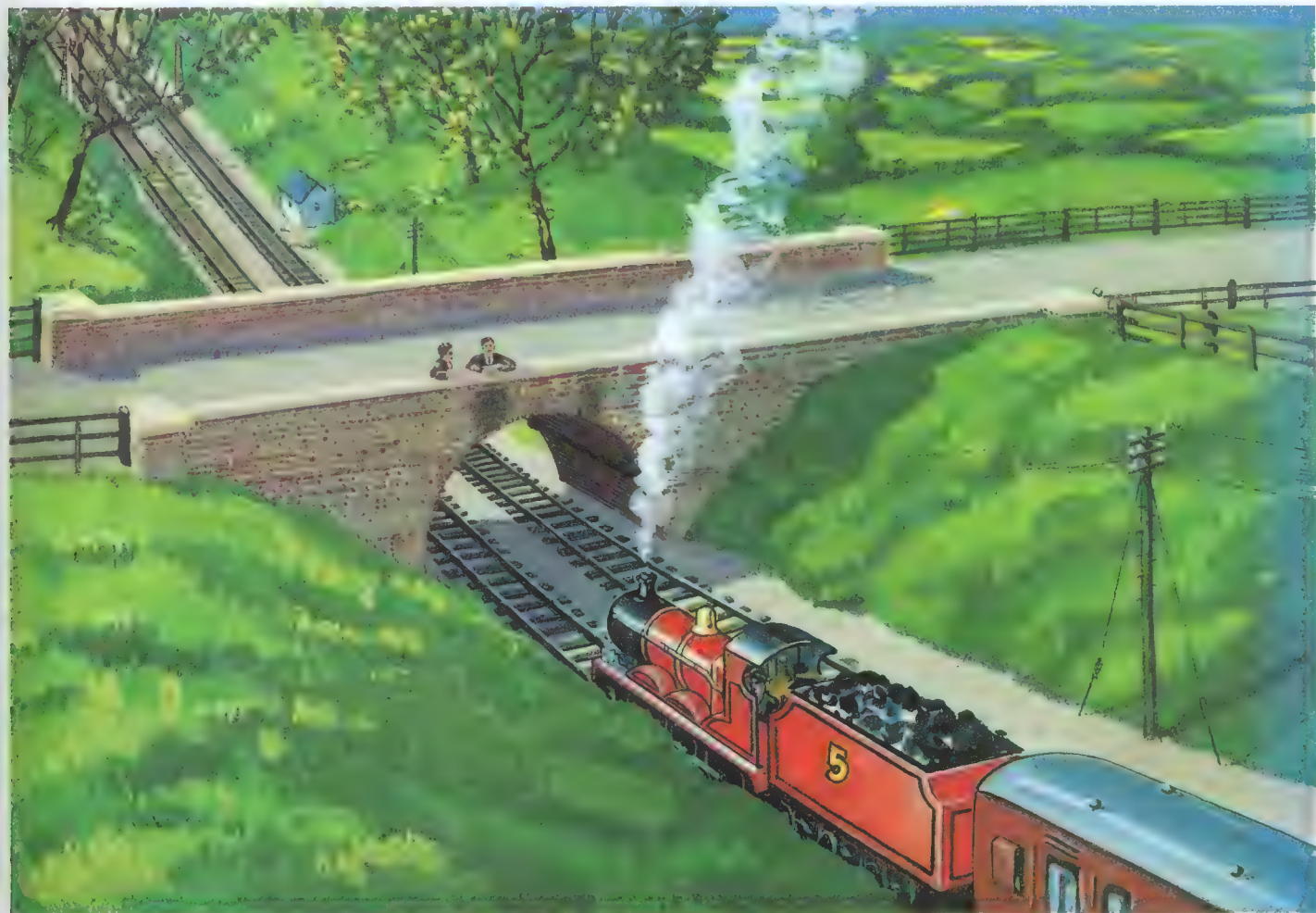
"Slippery hills indeed," he snorted. "I don't need help."

"Come on! Come on!" he puffed.

"All in good time, all in good time," grumbled the coaches.

The train was soon running nicely, but a *distant* signal checked them close to Gordon's Hill.

Gordon's Hill used to be bleak and bare. Strong winds from the sea made it hard to climb. Trees were planted to give shelter, and in summer the trains run through a leafy avenue.



Now autumn had come, and dead leaves fell. The wind usually puffed them away, but today rain made them heavy, and they did not move.

The *home* signal showed CLEAR, and James began to go faster. He started to climb the hill.

"I'll do it! I'll do it!" he puffed confidently.

Halfway up he was not so sure! "*I must do it, I must do it,*" he panted desperately, but try as he would, his wheels slipped on the leaves, and he couldn't pull the train at all.



"Whatsthematter? Whatsthematter?" he gasped.

"Steady old boy, steady," soothed his Driver.

His Fireman put sand on the rails to help him grip; but James' wheels spun so fast that they only ground the sand and leaves to slippery mud, making things worse than before.

The train slowly stopped. Then—

"Help! Help! Help!" whistled James; for though his wheels were turning forward, the heavy coaches pulled him backward, and the whole train started slipping down the hill.

His Driver shut off the steam, carefully put on the brakes, and skillfully stopped the train.



“Whew!” he sat down and mopped his face. “I’ve never known *that* to happen before.”

“I have,” said the Fireman, “in Bincombe tunnel—Southern Region.”

The Guard poked his head in the cab. “Now what?” he asked.

“Back to the station,” said the Fireman, taking charge, “and send for a ‘Banker’.”

So the Guard warned the Signaller, and they brought the train safely down.

But Gordon, who had followed with a goods train, saw what had happened.

Gordon left his freight cars and crossed over to James.



"I thought you could climb hills," he chuckled.

James didn't answer; he had no steam!

"Ah well! We live and learn," said Gordon, "we live and learn. Never mind, little James," he went on kindly, "I'm going to push behind. Whistle when you're ready."

James waited till he had plenty of steam, then "*Peep Peep!*" he called.

"*Poop! Poop! Poop!*"

"Pull hard," puffed Gordon.

"We'll do it!" puffed James.

"Pull hard! We'll do it," the engines puffed together.



Clouds of smoke and steam towered from the snorting engines as they struggled up the hill.

"We *can* do it!" puffed James.

"We *will* do it!" puffed Gordon.

The greasy rails sometimes made Gordon's wheels slip, but he never gave up, and presently they reached the top.

"We've done it! We've done it!" they puffed.

Gordon stopped. "*Poop! Poop!*" he whistled. "Good-bye."

"*Peep! Peep! Peep! Peep!* Thank you! Good-bye," answered James. Gordon watched the coaches wistfully till they were out of sight; then slowly he trundled back to his waiting freight cars.





REALLY USEFUL WORDS

SIDING: a sidetrack that connects to the main track

SPECIAL: an extra train added to the regular train service

TURNTABLE: a round platform that spins to turn trains around

UNCOUPLE: to disconnect the engine from other cars or coaches

SCHOOL BELL: a large bell that is rung to call children to school

NEWT: a small lizard-like animal

FLOODLIGHT: a large, very bright light

SLEEPER: a beam laid flat underneath the track to support the track



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Off the Rails



by
The REV. W. AWDRY

SCHOLASTIC INC.

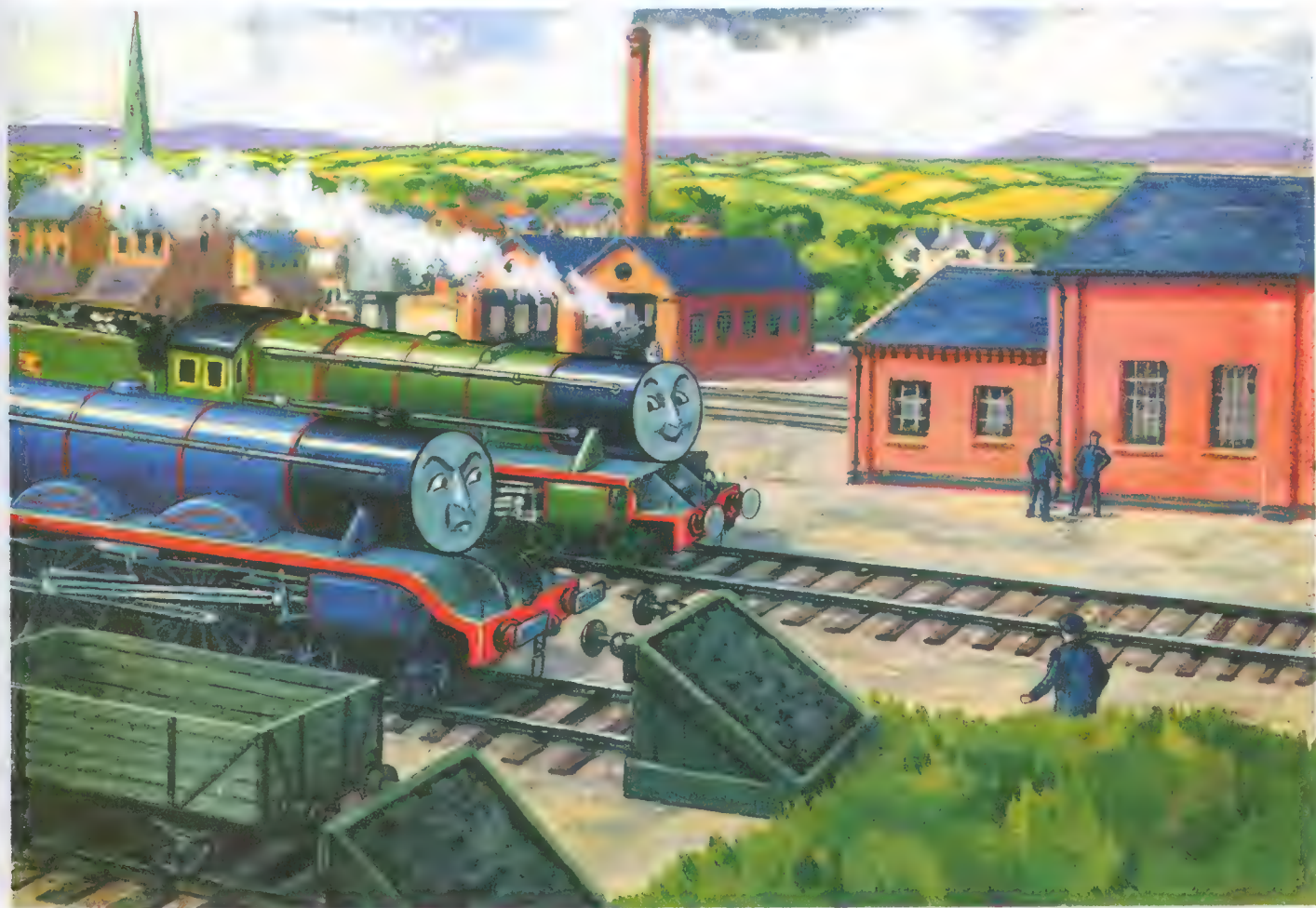
New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
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Gordon was resting in a siding.
“Peep peep! Peep peep! Hullo, Fatface!” whistled Henry.

“What cheek!” spluttered Gordon. “That Henry is too big for his wheels; fancy speaking to me like that! Me-e-e-e-e!” he went on, letting off steam. “Me-e-e-e who has never had an accident!”

“Aren’t jammed whistles and burst safety valves accidents?” asked Percy innocently.

“No indeed!” said Gordon huffily, “high spirits—might happen to any engine; but to come off the rails, well I ask you! Is it right? Is it decent?”



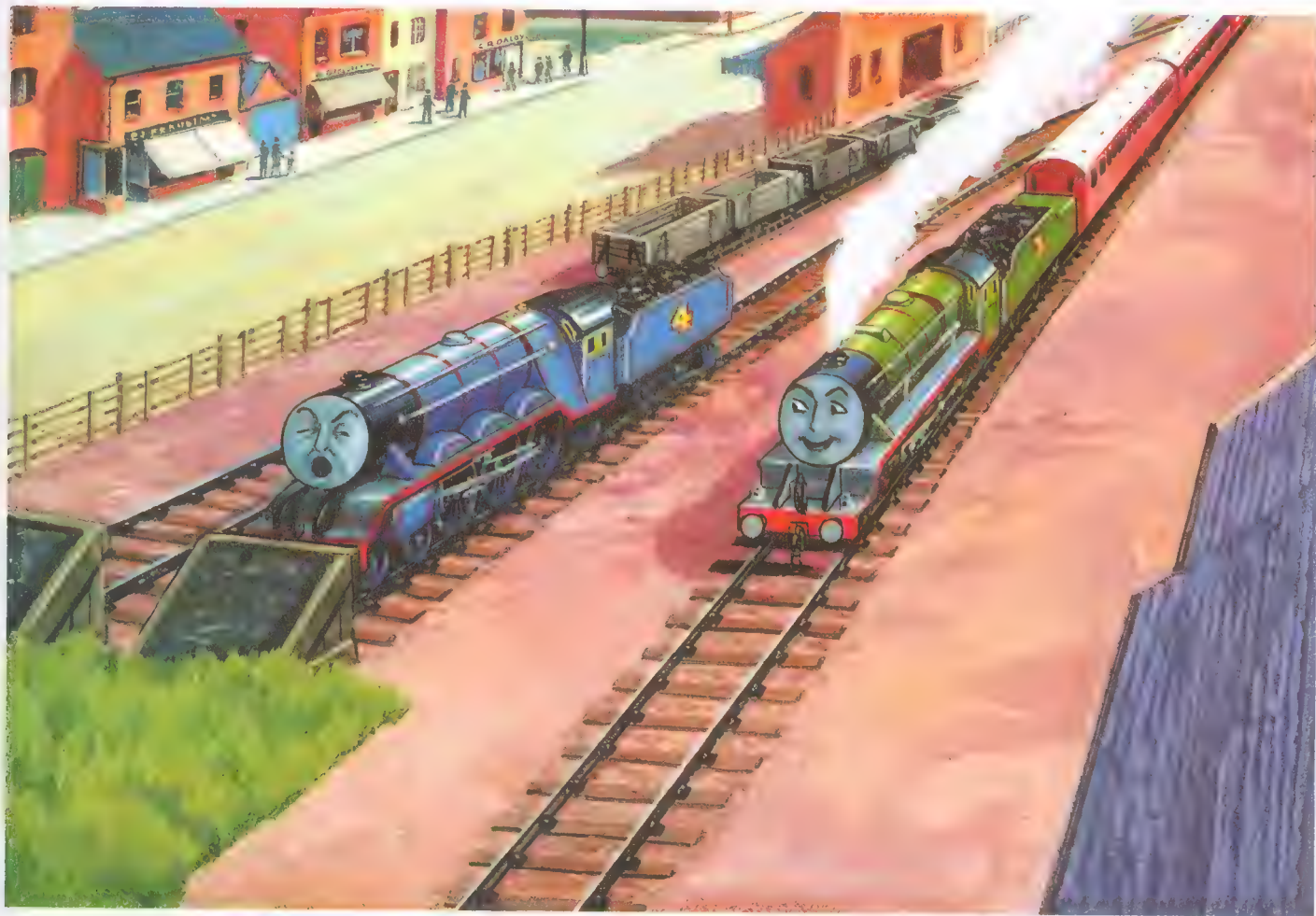
A few days later it was Henry's turn to take the express. Gordon watched him getting ready.

"Be careful, Henry," he said, "you're not pulling the 'Flying Kipper' now; watch that you keep on the rails today."

Henry snorted away, Gordon yawned and went to sleep.

But he didn't sleep long. "Wake up, Gordon," said his Driver, "a special train's coming and we're to pull it."

Gordon opened his eyes. "Is it coaches or freight cars?"



"Freight cars," said his Driver.

"Freight cars!" said Gordon crossly. "Pah!"

They lit Gordon's fire and oiled him to get him ready for the run. The fire was sulky and wouldn't burn; but they couldn't wait, so Edward pushed him to the turntable to get him facing the right way.

"I *won't* go, I *won't* go," grumbled Gordon.

"Don't be silly, don't be silly," puffed Edward.

Gordon tried hard, but he couldn't stop himself from being moved.

At last he was on the turntable, Edward was uncoupled and backed away, and Gordon's Driver and Fireman jumped down to turn him around.



The movement had shaken Gordon's fire; it was now burning nicely and making steam.

Gordon was cross, and didn't care what he did.

He waited till the turntable was halfway around. "I'll show them! I'll show them!" he hissed, and moved slowly forward.

He only meant to go a little way, just far enough to "jam" the turntable and stop it from turning, as he had done once before. But he couldn't stop himself, and, slithering down the embankment, he settled in a ditch.



"Oooosh!" he hissed as his wheels churned the mud. "Get me out! Get me out!"

"Not a hope," said his Driver and Fireman; "you're stuck, you silly engine, don't you understand that?"

They telephoned Sir Topham Hatt.

* * * * *

"So Gordon didn't want to take the special and ran into a ditch," he answered from his office. "What's that you say? The special's waiting—tell Edward to take it please—and Gordon? Oh, leave him where he is; we haven't time to bother with him now."



A family of toads croaked crossly at Gordon as he lay in the mud. On the other side of the ditch some little boys were chattering.

“Oo! Doesn’t he look silly!”

“They’ll never get him out.”

They began to sing:

Silly old Gordon fell in a ditch,

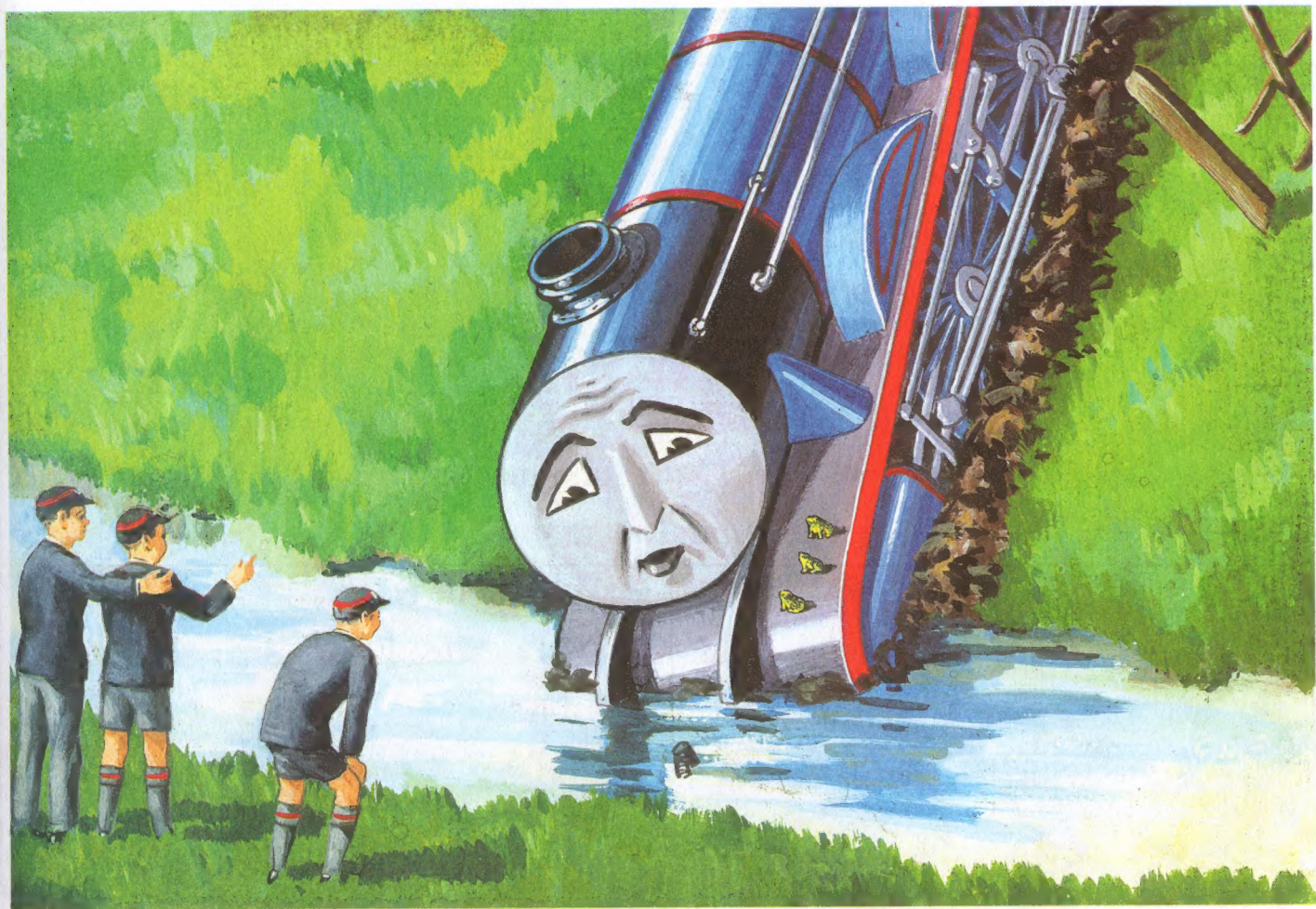
fell in a ditch,

fell in a ditch,

Silly old Gordon fell in a ditch,

All on a Monday morning.

The school bell rang and, still singing, they chased down the road.



“Pshaw!” said Gordon, and blew away three tadpoles and an inquisitive newt.

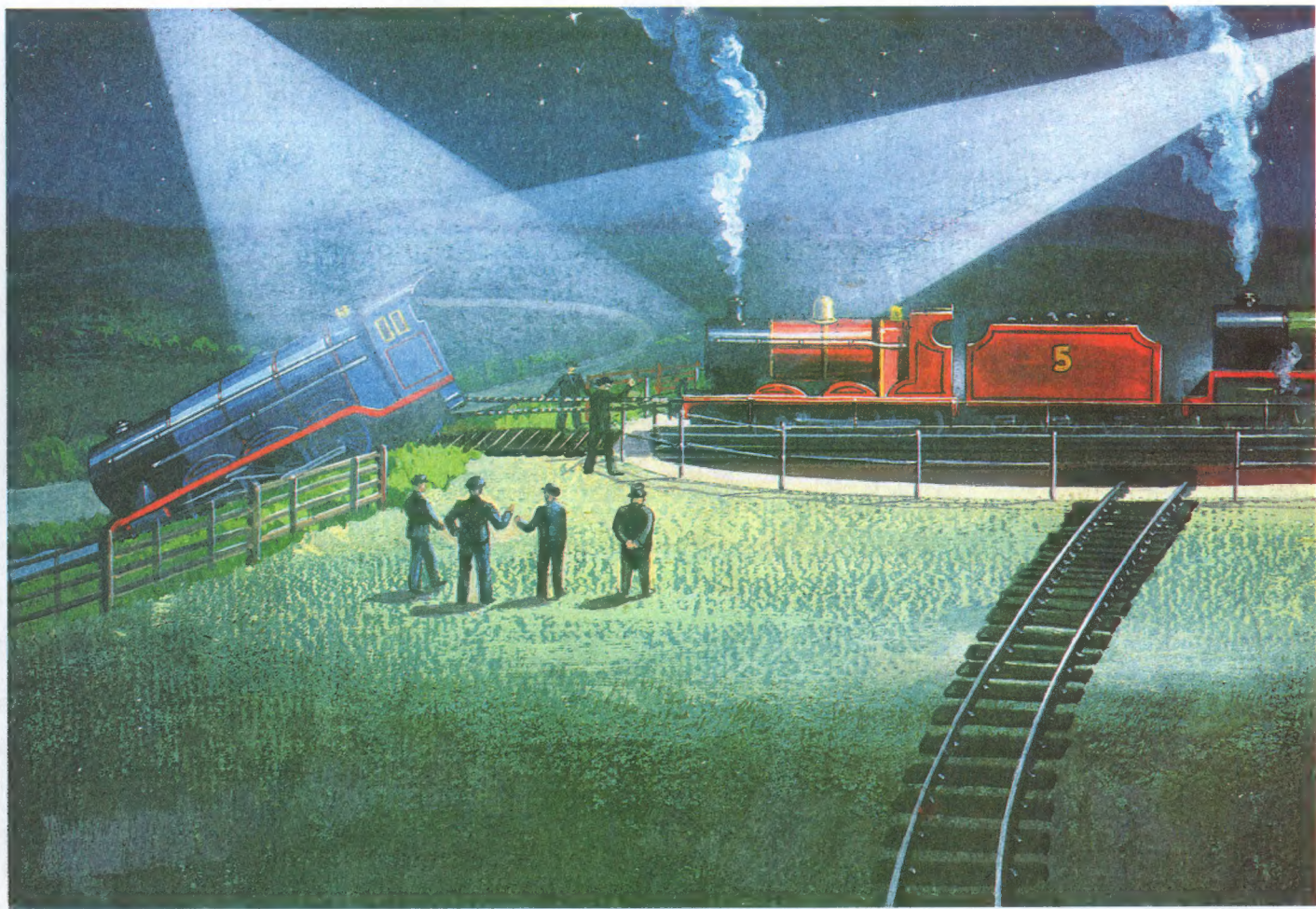
Gordon lay in the ditch all day.

Oh dear! he thought, I shall never get out.

But that evening they brought floodlights; then with powerful jacks they lifted Gordon and made a road of sleepers under his wheels to keep him from the mud.

Strong wire ropes were fastened to his back end, and James and Henry, pulling hard, at last managed to bring him to the rails.

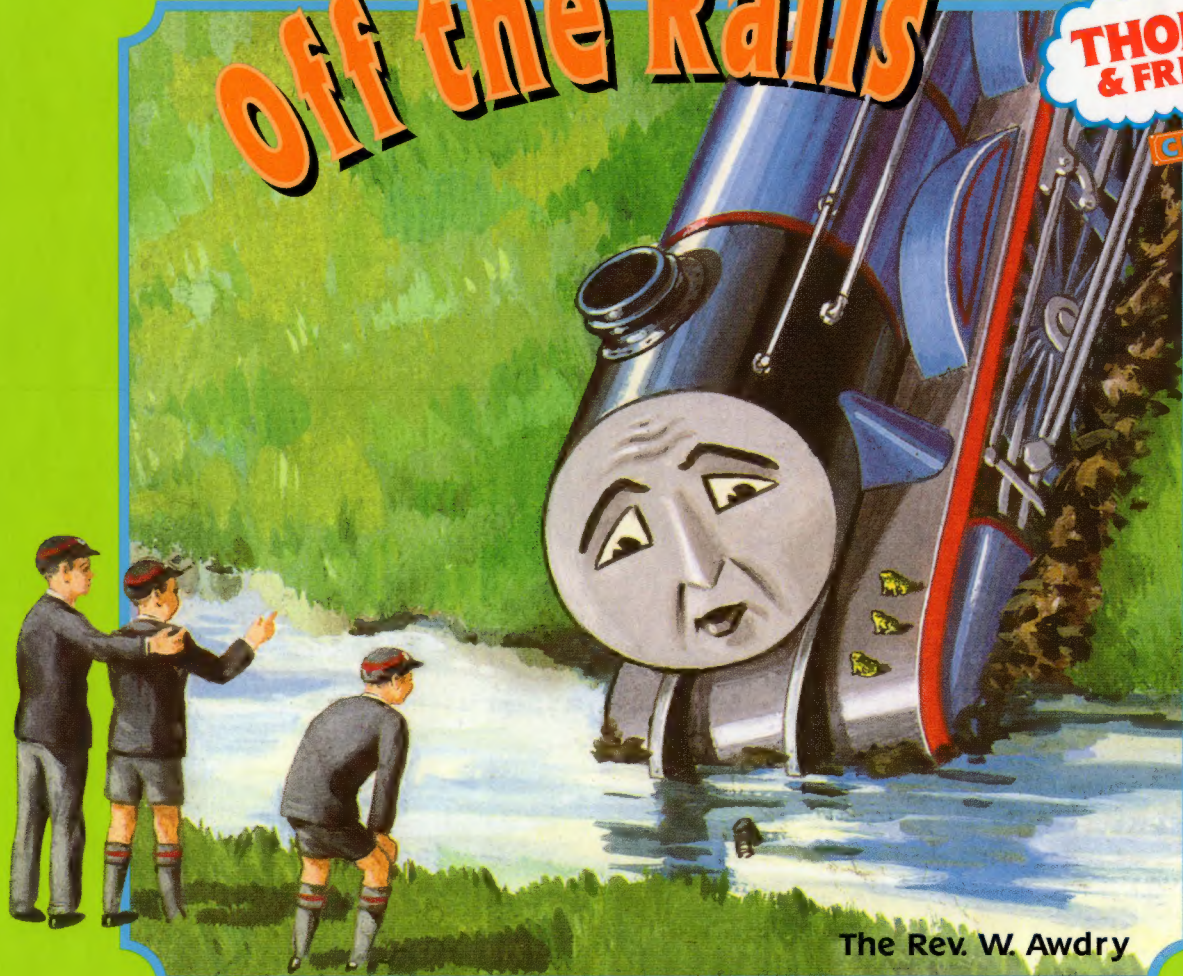
Late that night Gordon crawled home a sadder and wiser engine!



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